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to his masters in making possible a feast and a taste of meat for a large number. From camel's milk is made a sort of cottage cheese which is kneaded into little cakes much the shape and size of children's mud pies. These are plentifully mixed with hair in the process of manufacture and are baked in the sun almost to the consistency of bricks. They will keep indefinitely and form a savory addition to the diet in time of scarcity.

Occasionally the Bedouin will capture a *dhabb,* or armored lizard, and rejoice exceedingly at the kindness of Providence. Or he may succeed in catching a desert rat, or *jerboa.* In either case there will be meat to eat that night. On rarer occasions he may succeed in shooting a gazelle, and then there will be a real feast in his tent. But even at the best there is probably no community in the world that lives constantly so close to the starvation line as the Bedouin.

As a host, however, the Bedouin has no peer. The unaffected joy that is shown at the opportunity of entertaining a guest may well serve as a model for those of us who come from the more practical and unfriendly West. To sit in a Bedouin's tent and enjoy his hospitality is a pleasure to be remembered, even if the small amount of meat served with the rice be so tough that biting a piece in two is impossible, to say nothing of chewing it properly.

The very poor may sometimes flee from the demands of hospitality, but once asked they may not deny entertainment to any one. In the desert the desperately poor Bedouins avoid settling in the region of a recognized caravan track. To be compelled to entertain many guests would almost mean starvation for them, but they never refuse if a guest appears. The only alternative is to re-